

Good Morning 426

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

**Your Wife
and Eight
Toddlers,
Tel. Eric
Cooke**

WHEN "Good Morning" called at 102 Broadway, Wakefield, Yorks, home of Telegraphist Eric Cooke, his wife was out. "She's up at the war-time nursery," said his mother-in-law. So off to the war-time nursery we went.

There we found Mrs. Cooke surrounded by masses of babies. Small babies, large babies, howling babies, laughing babies, truculent "can't-you-leave-a-fellow-alone" babies, and last, but not least, the nurses' dream—sleeping babies.

It's the love of her life while Eric is away, and incidentally a very useful job, this minding tiny tots. Mrs. Cooke spends every day there, and loves every one of them.

Their wants are her commands, and she was very perturbed because we arrived just at feeding time. So were the kiddies. They just did not understand what it was all about, all they knew was that we were stopping their nurse bringing in dinner, so they let us know their objections in no uncertain manner.

Like any good nurse, Mrs. Cooke soon had them cooing like a set of turtle doves.

Your wife is well and happy, Eric, anxious to see you, of course, but meanwhile enjoying herself amongst her large "family."

You certainly took that "Silent Service" maxim to heart, leaving it to a friend

HERE we are at the sign of the Jolly Roger! A quaint old inn, to be sure. The very sight of it breathes peace and contentment.

Historic? You bet it is. It is said to have been built round about the time that Francis Drake sailed from Plymouth Hoe.

Those fine old beams were ships' timbers, perhaps out of some ancient privateer.

But let us go inside. You, Longshanks, had better duck, or you'll be out before you are in.

The ceilings are not so low as they were originally. As they could not very well raise the building, they have lowered the floors, but it is still no place for giants.

It is comfortable, right enough.

WHERE else in the world will you find such a cosy, old oak-beamed parlour—they still call it the parlour; no such modern names as saloon bar or lounge—replete with rare old sporting prints that seem to belong to the walls they adorn? There are famous racehorses, jockeys, old-time fighters, coursing greyhounds, and a host of personalities whose names have been a by-word in sport.

Even the ancient timepiece bids you welcome; but where's the landlord? Ah, here is the skipper.

Gentlemen, meet Bill Richardson, the—I'll spare his blushes, if he can raise any at his time of life—champion host. Of course, you didn't need to be told that.

And here are a few of the "regulars," whose conversation we have interrupted. Oh, yes, they'll join us in drinks.

Your health, Joe, and here's hoping you'll find another Waterloo Cup winner before the time comes for you to answer for your sins. Meet Joe Horton, the man who takes his greyhounds to bed with him. And here's Paddy Lynch, yes, the Paddy Lynch, who still thinks he could ride a Derby winner before he qualifies for an old age pension.

CELESTIAL OLD FIRM.

On my left, Nat Wilson, who can't help jumping from his chair when anyone calls time. He still puts his hands up and thinks he's in the middle of the ring when the grocer's boy

to let her know you'd gone into the submarines, but, far from being annoyed, she is deeply appreciative of the fact that you didn't want to

startle him with his bicycle bell.

Our saintly-looking friend in the corner, you must know him. The old firm, Bernard Binks. Don't tell the world, Bookmaker.

"Well, they might have mistaken me for the local parson if you hadn't told them," said Bernard by way of accepting the company as good sportsmen. "It is a wonder he hasn't paid us a visit to-night. You seem surprised? But you don't know our parson. He's a sportsman and likes good company. You ought to meet him. If you come again you will probably get to know him."

Now that we are all comfortable, let us sit back and study our friends. Bill, "the guv'nor," as he was generally called, suggested that Paddy should continue his argument; that is, if we had no objection. As if we should object! Wasn't this the main purpose of our visit? Although we did not say so much.

"It wasn't an argument," protested Paddy. "Just because Bernard started the ball rolling and passed it to me, you think it must be an argument." "Have it your own way. You usually do," said Bill.

"What I was saying," explained Paddy, "was that it is almost impossible to compare the performances of horses belonging to different periods."

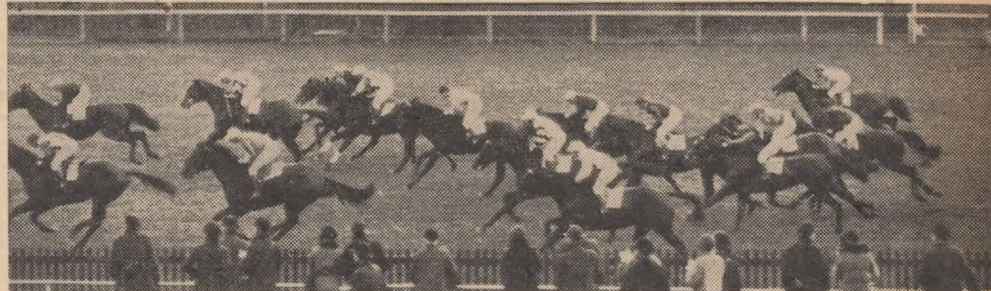
"I know there are lots of wise guys who think they can weigh it all up to the last ounce by studying the form

worry her.

All the family are well and send their fondest love, and a gurgle for each of the crew from all the babies.

WITH W. H. MILLIER AND THE BOYS AT THE "JOLLY ROGER"

"PRETTY POLLY WAS TOP-NOTCH MARE"



book halfway through the night, but they're the same people that keep philanthropists like Bernard here living on the fat of the land.

"Beg pardon, Bernard, I mean that they permit you to live on your losses."

"All right, I pass over the veiled insult," said Bernard, "but come back to my first statement. I said, in my opinion, Sceptre was the greatest mare we have ever seen on the Turf."

SCEPTRE V. PRETTY POLLY.

"What about Pretty Polly?" asked Paddy. "It is a pity there was just that slight difference in their ages—only two years—otherwise they must have met in their classic races, and then, perhaps, there wouldn't have been any doubt. My contention is that Pretty Polly was in every respect as great a mare as Sceptre, and possibly greater."

"Oh, you are just arguing that way because Pretty Polly was bred in your beloved Ireland and was ridden in most of her races by an Irish jockey," said Bernard, with what looked to be a sly wink in the direction of the guv'nor.

"Indeed I'm not," retorted Paddy. "She was a grand Irish mare, 'tis true, but you're wrong with your Irish jockey. A fine authority on racing, you are, not to know that Danny Maher was an American."

"You missed an opportunity of striking a juicy bet there, Paddy," said the guv'nor, who, knowing that Bernard Binks never, or very rarely, engineered an argument unless he had a pretty shrewd idea that he was going to bet on a certainty, wondered what they would bet on in this instance.

"I've known a few racing people in my time," said the bookmaker, "and I consider that Bob Sievier was the best judge of horseflesh I ever knew."

"Is it cat's meat you're thinking of?" asked Paddy. "No, it is not, though Sievier could also smell a bit of dead meat when it was being paraded for the mugs. Believe me, there were no flies on Mr. Sievier. Most people thought him a bit of a mug when he paid 10,000 guineas for Sceptre as a yearling. They said he would never see a quarter of his money back, and you know what he won in stakes alone. You can multiply that by ten and get an idea of what he must have won in bets."

"He told me more than once that Sceptre was the greatest mare ever seen over Newmarket Heath. She was never beaten at Newmarket. He thought the world of her."

"Now, you can search as far as you like and you won't find what I may call a parallel performance on the part of Sceptre."

BOOKIES' IRONMONGERY.

"Then why did he part with her?" asked Paddy. "He sold her to Sir William Bass for £25,000. If she'd been mine, I would not have parted with a mare that had won me a fortune. Talk about thinking the world of a beauty like that and then selling her as you would a piece of ironmongery. That's what bookmakers do."

"You're biased because she was sold to a man named Bass. I suppose it would have been different if she'd been sold to a

member of the Guinness family."

"Both good beverages, my friends," said the guv'nor, "and the brewers of 'em have owned some very good horses, but that has nothing to do with the merits of Sceptre and Pretty Polly."

"Bernard may hedge his bets," said Paddy, "but he's not hedging so easily on that one."

"I say that it takes an Irishman to know how to appreciate a good horse, what happened to Pretty Polly? Why, her owner took her back home to The Curragh, where she was born, and gave her the freedom of the green fields to spend the rest of her life in happiness."

"She lived to a great old age, but then, she wasn't owned by a bookmaker. She'd have been sold for cats' meat if a bookmaker had had anything to do with it."

"I'm so used to compliments of that kind that I begin to like 'em. But you've still got to make out a case to show that Pretty Polly was as good as Sceptre. This, bear in mind, is fact: Sceptre is the only mare in the history of the Turf to win four classic races. She might have gone further and won a lot if only she could have run for the Derby. That was the one regret Sievier had. He felt sure that she could have won all the classics."

"I'll agree she was a great mare. Nobody can deny that," said Paddy. "But Pretty Polly won the only three classic races for which she was entered."

"Who can say that she would not have equalled Sceptre's record if she had been allowed to run for the 2,000 Guineas?"

"I know that times of races are only a very rough guide, because conditions vary so much, but it is as well to point out that Pretty Polly won the Oaks in record time. She knocked two-fifths of a second off Sceptre's time for the same event; not much, but just that much better."

"In the following year Pretty Polly won the Coronation Cup, which, as you know, is run over the Derby course at Epsom."

"In winning this race she set up a record and beat the record by a lump, which had been set up only the previous day by Cicero in winning the Derby. Danny Maher, by the way, rode Cicero."

"Now, you can search as far as you like and you won't find what I may call a parallel performance on the part of Sceptre."

"I think Paddy is right in saying that Pretty Polly was an equally good mare," put in the guv'nor, "and I must say he has put up a very good show to support his argument."

"Thank you, Bill. That's worth a round of drinks—drink up, fellows. But I can say, because I knew the circumstances, that it was only bad luck that robbed Pretty Polly of an unbeaten record. She was only beaten twice, and on each occasion it would have been justifiable to have scratched her from the races."

"Her first defeat was in France. The weather was so bad that the crossing was held up, and it was little better when she was eventually shipped across the Channel."

"By the time the mare had to race she had not recovered from her rough journey, and was beaten by two and a half lengths into second place. Her only other defeat was when she was beaten by a length by Bachelor's Button for the Gold Cup at Ascot."

"Here again her trainer would have been justified in withdrawing the mare. Just prior to the race she had been operated on by the vet. for a large wart on her belly, and you can bet she was in no fit state to do her best after that."

"Speaking from the strictly business point of view," said Bernard, "Pretty Polly was not much good to the betting ring."

CROWD LOVED HER.

"What an idealist, to be sure," retorted Paddy. "Pretty Polly was not a great mare because the bookmaking fraternity were not able to make a lot of money."

"I never said that." "Well, you, fellows, I saw Pretty Polly run several of her races," put in the guv'nor, "and I know that although few people could have backed her, owing to the absurd odds asked by the bookmakers, they all cheered like mad when she won."

"The crowd loved her. After she had revealed her marvellous speed as a two-year-old it was almost impossible to have a bet on her—unless you were prepared to lay about 7 to 1 on."

Here Jim Horton felt that he ought to contribute something.

"I never followed horse-racing very closely," said Jim. "I was always too busy in the greyhound world. But I do know that Pretty Polly was more of a public idol than Sceptre ever appeared to be. I've been told that people actually shed tears when she was beaten by Bachelor's Button at Ascot."

"Holy smoke! The evening's gone quickly," said the guv'nor. "We'll have to wind up the debate. See the clock? Time, gentlemen, please."

At the close of time, up jumped Nat Wilson. He had not said a word. But wait until somebody mentions boxing; he will not be a dumb-bell when that sort of discussion starts.

For that pleasure we shall have to spend another evening at the Jolly Roger—many more, we hope.

**Your letters are
welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1**



To-day's Brains Trust

WE have a Biologist, a Palaeontologist, a Philosopher, and an Historian to tackle the question:

Some writers have held that the human race has already reached its highest level and that it is now on its decline. Is man likely to become extinct, like the giant reptiles of geological history? Are we evolving upwards or downwards, in the view of modern science?

Palaeontologist: Well, it's my job to study fossil creatures, and I should like to point out the two chief causes of creatures becoming extinct. The first is biological. In the course of evolution all successful creatures develop particular characteristics which favour

their survival, such as the gigantic size and strength of some extinct reptiles, or the murderously long eye-teeth of the sabre-toothed tiger.

"These features enabled their owners to conquer all their natural enemies for a time, but then Nature went and overdid it.

"The reptiles went on getting bigger and bigger, and the sabre-toothed tiger to get longer and longer teeth, till presently the reptiles were too big to move about and the tiger couldn't eat properly.

"Both became losers in the competition for food with smaller or quicker-witted creatures, and so they died out.

"The second cause is that evolution never stops, and when one race has reached perfection, another finds a new and more efficient way altogether, and, as it were, by-passes the older creature.

"This is what has happened in the case of man. By evolving intelligent minds, Nature has found a way of by-passing brute strength.

"The debatable point now is whether or not she has made her old mistake of overdoing things. In short, has man become too clever by half? If so, it is his intelligence which will prove to be first his salvation and then his undoing."

Philosopher: "But there is no real parallel between the sabre-toothed tiger's overgrown teeth and man's overgrown intelligence.

"A man surely can never become so intelligent that he hinders himself from feeding his body.

"The more intelligent he is, the better is he able to care for his body. The case is quite opposite to that of the tiger."

Biologist: "I think the Palaeontologist may very well be right. This is no more a case of feeding than was the case of the giant reptiles. This is a case of intelligence taking the place of instinct, and if we look at the world to-day I am not at all sure that we should not admit that perhaps instinct was, after all, a better guide.

"Few great thinkers to-day live healthy lives. They do not propagate even at the average rate, and they are, in actual fact, dying out from that cause alone.

"It is true that intelligence is alive to this fact, and may take steps to increase the birth rate, but what sort of feeble-bodied creatures will eventually emerge it is hard to say. The secret of life is still hidden from us, and the development of our intelligence does not seem to have been accom-

panied by a development of our wisdom."

Historian: "I think that is perfectly true. There is absolutely no evidence to show that we are a jot more wise than were the Ancient Greeks, and much to show that we are less wise to-day than were the Chinese a few centuries back.

"Yet I do not see mankind becoming extinct. I see him becoming an objectionable parasite on the rest of creation unless he learns

to adapt himself more rapidly to changing circumstances.

"I mean, he must stop using his intelligence to find methods of perpetuating out-of-date ways of living, and use it to invent new ways more suitable for creatures with scientific knowledge."

Philosopher: "I entirely agree with that. I believe we are at the moment evolving neither upwards nor downwards, but have reached the critical point in our history when we must take either the one way or the other. But there is this difference between us and the extinct creatures. They could not help themselves, and we can. We have forsaken instinct for intelligence, and we must see to it that we order our lives in the intelligent way.

"We have lost many of our instincts altogether, and there is nothing there to fall back upon. We have so far freed ourselves from the physical laws which drove the reptiles and sabre-toothed tigers to extinction, and are in very large measure masters of our own fate.

"The answer to the question is not that we are evolving upwards or downwards, but that we shall continue to evolve whichever way we choose. It seems to me that the critical choice will rest with this present generation—the post-war planners and the controllers of education."

USELESS EUSTACE



"Needless to say, your honour, the bloke in the check coat was the spear-head of the attack!"



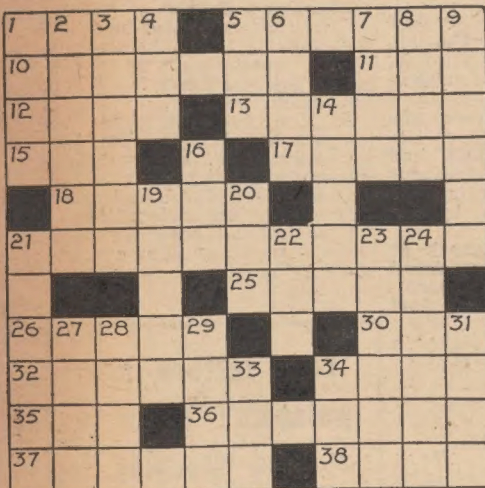
QUIZ for today

1. Gules is a colloquial name for a farmer, fruit, fish, heraldic colour, chess move, insect's lungs?
2. For what book is Thomas Hughes famous?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Yours, Theirs, Ours, His, Thine, Mine, Hers.
4. What colour is called in heraldry "sable"?
5. What is the capital of Colombia?
6. What sort of plants are called biennials?
7. All the following are real words except one; which is it?—Almuce, Almug, Alright, Alnus, Alar, Alure.
8. What is a St. Hilda's Serpent?
9. What is the common name of the rowan tree?
10. What does the name Walter mean?
11. How many King Henry's has England had?

Answers to Quiz in No. 425

1. Rainfall.
2. Erewhon.
3. 7 spoils a series made by adding 4 each time.
4. Aldebaram, Altair, Arcturus.
5. Blue.
6. Daisy.
7. Prolute.
8. Asuncion.
9. Lithium.
10. Gold.
11. Spiked wheel of a spur.
12. Exodus, Ezra, Esther, Ecclesiastes, Ezekiel, Ephesians.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Window frame.
- 5 Wan.
- 10 Visual.
- 11 Wrath.
- 12 Flutter.
- 13 Authority.
- 15 Add.
- 17 Elk.
- 18 Pondered.
- 21 Getting antiquated.
- 25 The place.
- 26 Little animal.
- 30 Rush along.
- 32 Jewelled bands.
- 34 Old Tale.
- 35 Unit of energy.
- 36 Girl's name.
- 37 Intensify.
- 38 Fish.

FLABBY GAY
CLOSE ABODE
HEW CAMERAS
RE HOG DIC
OTTOMAN LEG
M APE AWL R
EBB SATIATE
RUG LUG WE
PALAVER TIC
OKAPI ALONE
PER ASLOPE

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Quiet.
- 2 Self-possession.
- 3 Rank.
- 4 Wild fruit.
- 5 Soft food.
- 6 Mineral salt.
- 7 Bathing place.
- 8 Flag.
- 9 Discover.
- 14 Occasion only.
- 16 Fish.
- 19 Moderate.
- 20 Moisture.
- 21 Driven out.
- 22 Coy.
- 23 Mistakes.
- 24 Whinnies.
- 27 Borrow.
- 28 Storm.
- 29 Ford on foot.
- 31 Meets.
- 33 Boy.
- 34 Cry.



The Youth Hostels Association, owing to increase in membership, find it difficult to supply the needs for accommodation for their members. Despite the large number of hostels already in existence, many more are wanted, and so any property which can be converted is snapped up. They have just acquired from the National Trust two cottages on the Polesden Lacey estate, and the members are spending their week-ends putting the places in order. Every week-end members come from all over London and stay the night in the hostel at Leatherhead, and walk or cycle up to the estate, and spend the day working on the house.

JANE



WANGLING WORDS—365

1. Put always in SE and make it strict.
2. In the following popular song title both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? *Tub vieg vole l oyu nact hynitgan.*
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: SHUT into DOOR and then back again into SHUT, without using the same word twice.
4. Find the two hidden fruits in: *Don't ring; rap ever so gently, and we'll play nap—please.*

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 364

1. SlaughtER.
2. Early one morning, just as the sun was shining.
3. BatTle.
4. Came-I, LI-a-ma.

Ev'ry member of the force
Has a watch and chain, of
course;
If you want to know the
time,
Ask a P'liceman!
E. W. Rogers, Song.

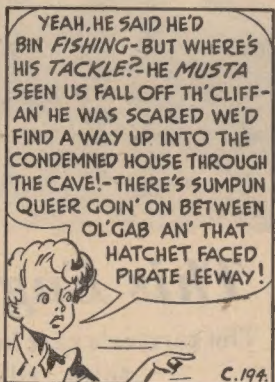
BEELZEBUB JONES



C. 194.



BELINDA



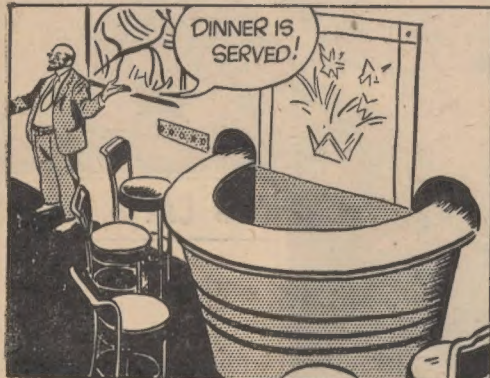
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Just Fancy—

By ODO DREW

THE suggestion has been made recently, and it has received a large measure of support, that before candidates are allowed to stand at a Parliamentary election they should be compelled to pass an examination. In view of the uncritical method of selection, the idea seems to us to be essentially sound.

When, of course, through our new ex-Servicemen's association, we assume control of Parliament, this sifting-out process will be unnecessary, seeing that all our candidates will be the cream of the cream.

Meanwhile, however, the sooner some of these people are put through a test the better; and as we are unlikely to be sufficiently well organised by the next General Election, we can offer the following suggestions.

The examination will have to be comprehensive and touch the life of the nation at as many points as possible.

MY ELECTION TEST.

A knowledge of human nature, of the needs and desires, the likes and dislikes of the man (and woman) in the street will be essential, and of much greater importance than an acquaintance with Greek or Latin, modern music or modern poetry. It must be severely practical, not academic.

Members of Parliament must be conversant with LIFE, or else keep away from Westminster.

In the specimen examination paper which follows, candidates must answer in a satisfactory manner at least seven out of the ten questions, and must write an essay on one of the given subjects:—

(1) Seeing that second class has been abolished on all British railways and first class on many, is it still necessary to have public, private and saloon bars in pubs?

(2) With all this talk about equal rights for men and women, should not the Oaks be open to male as well as female horses?

(3) What were the names of the three witches in "Macbeth," the three men in a boat, the three wise men of the East, and of the angels of Mons?

(4) The improved health of the nation if the tax on beer were reduced (through the consequent increase in consumption) would entail a reduction in the national revenue. Endeavour to assess any gain or loss, taking a long view.

(5) Are you attracted to Parliament by a desire to serve the community or by the opportunity of securing a guaranteed income?

(6) "The pen is mightier than the sword." Discuss the respective importance of General Alexander and of the Editor of "Good Morning" in the light of this statement.

(7) Do policewomen make good mothers? Give arguments for and against and instance examples to prove your claims.

(8) What would you consider a reasonable price to pay to secure an elector's vote?

(9) State the effect on national character of a diet in which the chief dish is porridge, sauerkraut, Irish whiskey, stewed eels or chop suey.

(10) What is the effect of inflation on the national nervous system? Draw a parallel with that of indigestion on the gastric juices. The question of the Gold Standard should not be forgotten.

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE.

State in an essay of from 2,000 to 2,500 words what you know of (1) ectoplasm, (2) number eight batteries, (3) Earl Baldwin's Piggeries, (4) snake-pits, and (5) liver-pills. (Choose one of the subjects only.)

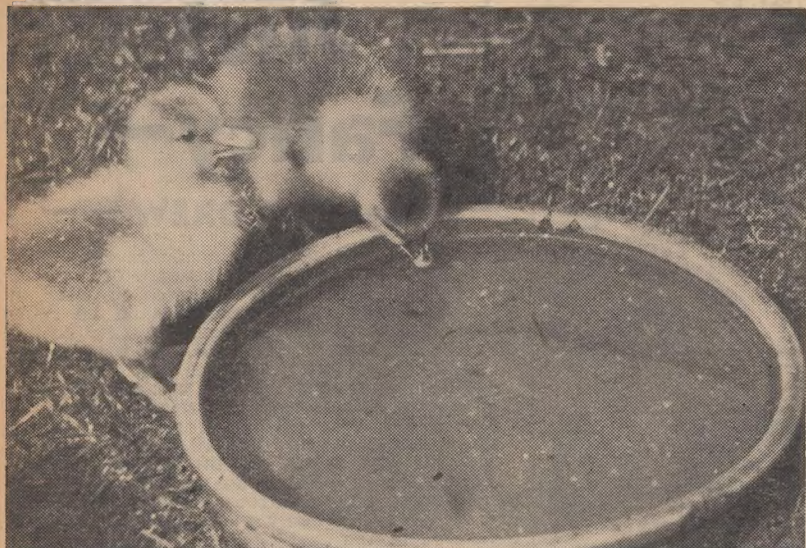
The above covers a wide field and should provide a good test for potential legislators.



"I SAID NYLONS—NOT LIONS."

Good Morning

"I'm tired of drinking. When are we going to start swimming?"



Does she know it's a Dasyure? An Australian animal who lives in trees and feeds on small birds and animals. What a pal to have around the house!



The dream song of two little kittens.



This England

The carrier's cart in a Devonshire village.



Maybe she is taking things lying down, but famous and fascinating Paramount star, Paulette Goddard, is always good to look at.



OUR CAT SIGNS

"She drives me head-long."

